

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1806.

Nº. 44.

Printed and published by J. HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

The following Discourse was pronounced by Mr. THEODORE TRIGAND, on the occasion of his taking his degrees at St. Mary's College. The view he has taken of *honour* is interesting, and we think its insertion cannot fail to give pleasure to many of our readers.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Being invited to the performance of the arduous but honourable task of addressing so numerous and enlightened an assembly, I cannot dissemble, that I have felt myself equally embarrassed, both by the difficulty of selecting a subject worthy of engaging your attention, without surpassing by its loftiness the reach of my limited capacity; and by just apprehensions, lest the poverty or rudeness of my style should render the most interesting topic insipid to the refined taste of my audience. It is true, that the generous patronage you have deigned to bestow on this rising institution, and the interest you take in the progress of its pupils give me reason to expect, the most ample indulgence for a young beginner, who for the *first* time raises his timid voice, to offer you the homage of his juvenile essays in the arduous career of literature. This confidence however would not have sufficed to make me triumph over the consciousness of my incapacity, had I not heard the inward voice of honour, which commanding me not shrink from the task imposed, has in order to render it easier, offered herself for the subject of my praises. Yes! it is her voice, I have heard, methinks she demands of me the due tribute of the first fruits, I hope to cull in her gardens, or to speak without figure, that as we are indebted to honour for the improvements we may have made in the sciences and even in virtue, it behoves me to dedicate to her

this first essay of my pen, by celebrating her beneficial influence on the perfecting of the individual and the happiness of society.

My object then is to prove, that honour is the sentiment most worthy of man, most grateful to his nature and the best adapted to his end; that it is the best calculated to lead us to that perfection, for which we were made, by improving our chief faculties, the mind and the heart, and at the same time the most beneficial to society because by developing in us, the buds of all the virtues, by aiding and strengthening our noble inclinations, supplying even the deficiency of too weak a virtue, it forms generous and useful citizens, loyal and faithful subjects, disinterested magistrates, and intrepid and courageous defenders of the land.

Let me however caution you against confounding the object of this eulogium with that fantastic Deity, whom many, out of ignorance or corruption, confound with true honour; the former is as contemptible and as worthy of our abhorrence as the latter is deserving of our love & veneration. False honour may have endeavoured to strip the true one of its attributes, by assuming its resemblance, but in fact it has only corrupted its model, and perverted among men the genuine notions of honour. Hear this idea expressed in the political language of the oracle of the French Parnassus. Satyre xi.—Allegory.

From this sublime description, I shall draw this definition of true honor. Honor is the esteem we owe ourselves & the sentiment of the right we have to that of other men as long as we are conscious we have not deviated from the paths of justice and the dictates of reason. Hence true honour is essentially linked with virtue and decorum, a just and natural consequence, which prompted the great Marcellus, that hero, whom the gratitude of the Romans proclaimed the sword of the republic, to associate these two deities in one temple; and if upon the representations of his friends, he judged proper to erect separate monuments to each of them

he nevertheless insisted on blending their worship, by ordering that the only avenue to the temple of honour should be through that of virtue. The nature of true honour being thus determined; it remains to develop its effects. Its powerful influence on the perfection of individuals and the benefit of society is one of those truths which facts can prove far better than reasoning. Let us then appeal to experience, and in order to follow in our course the rules laid down by philosophers, always to commence by that which is most familiar and better known, to ascend to what is less so, let us observe what takes place in the concentrated sphere of a college. These first observations will lead us to conclusions so much more exact, as seminaries of learning are in themselves but an abridgment, or if I may be allowed the expression, a kind of miniature, of that large world to which we are about to transfer the knowledge and virtue we have endeavoured to acquire in this noviciate of social life.

How powerful is the influence of honour in these seminaries, in the hearts of their young inhabitants, with regard to the improvements both of their minds and of their hearts! To what other cause can we ascribe the eagerness with which we have applied to the useful pursuits offered by our juvenile ambition? what incentive, but that of a noble emulation, industriously excited by praises and reproofs, by rewards and punishments, honourable distinctions, and mortifying humiliations, would be capable of firing our breasts with that glowing ardour for the sciences and that love of virtue, which prompted us to so many exertions and sacrifices? would the love of virtue alone work so powerfully in early youth, as to force us to shake off that indolence, to refrain that giddiness so natural to that age; to snatch ourselves long before the dawn of the day, in the rigors of the frosty season from the sweets of the downy couch, and to make us endure amidst the ardours of the dog-days the double fatigue of studies, requisite to the preparation for these public trials? take away the prospect and hope of those delicious enjoyments with which honour promises to recompense our toils, how should we be able to brook the privations and disgusts attached to the monotonous course of continual restraint and confinement? what could above all soften the rigour of that separation, from the authors of our existence, except the sweet hope of seeing them again one day more worthy of their love, and the pleasure of offering them from time to time, as the most valuable pledge of our gratitude, the homage of those honourable distinctions, which we toiled to deserve? What is all this, but the influence and triumph of honour.

But too long have I kept your attention fixed on these contracted scenes. Let us then take a bolder flight, and attempt to reconnoitre that country almost unknown to us, where honour performs every day more important wonders. Let us take a cursory survey of the different classes of society and we shall soon agree, that it is chiefly to the salutary influence of honour, that social man is indebted for his own perfection, and the State for its security and improvements. Is it not evident that the refinement of taste, the developement of genius, the progress of knowledge and the ardour for the arts and sciences are chiefly owing to the noble emulation excited by the distinctions conferred by nations and sovereigns on merit, learning, genius and industry. You know how much the state in general is indebted to those literary associations, which have procured to our times the glorious title of "the enlightened ages," and what else are they but the schools of honour—only see by what means they have been formed and what kind of stimulus keeps alive in their members that spirit of emulation, to which are to be traced the most important discoveries.—Nothing else but the engine of honour. What a servile interest could never effect, is accomplished by premiums, medals, public eulogiums, in a word by the hope of immortalizing their names. This is, what has extended the mild empire of learning; what has procured so many and important services to manufactures, to commerce, to navigation and to all the branches of human industry. Nor is the influence of honour on public morals less worthy of our notice. And here why am I not allowed to unfold before your eyes the vast and interesting *tableau* of all the wonders of this kind produced by honour in the several conditions of society, as recorded in the faithful pages of history. But not to ingulph myself into an enumeration too lengthy for the circumstance and certainly too grand for my abilities, I will confine myself to the influence of honour on a few of the most common conditions in life; to it chiefly belongs the glory of establishing fidelity in commerce, and thus ennobling by the great and laudable views it suggests to merchants, a profession too often degraded by the meanness of those who pursue it. Examples of this kind are numerous in great trading cities, among those ancient families, in which the fidelity to their obligations, the sacredness of their word, and delicacy in their dealings, have established a sort of commercial nobility, not inferior to the one founded upon pre-eminence of birth. The fear of tarnishing the honour of a name, which we are anxious to transmit, as we have been proud to receive it, is the surest safeguard of public faith. There, honour is the only law, which directing

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every thing by rule and compass, teaches the merchant to proportion his expence to his income, his enterprizes to his real means; never to venture another man's fortune, in order to increase his own, nor to expose, by his extravagant fancies, the sacred obligations of justice or even of delicacy. Nay! honour goes still further. It is it, which in critical circumstances, will prompt a man to prefer a glorious distress to a shameful opulence, and rather to reduce himself to indigence, than suffer any one to be injured, content with saving from the shipwreck of fortune, the treasure of esteem and of public confidence.

Among the numerous instances of this sublime generosity to be recorded in the annals of commercial honour, permit me to relate one, the authenticity of which is vouched by the most unquestionable witnesses. The house of Messrs. Bruno Brothers and Co. of Bordeaux, had for upwards of three hundred years supported a character of scrupulous rectitude, which seemed to be hereditary in the family, and in which chiefly originated its immense opulence; an unlimited consideration and credit attended them & placed as it were at their disposal all the resources of the commercial world; when an event, as disastrous as it was unexpected, came to put their honour to the most critical trial—Messrs. Bruno were suddenly informed of their having been involved for a sum exceeding three hundred thousand dollars in several failures, that had just taken place in Holland. To suspend the payment of their numerous engagements, or to sell their whole property, to satisfy their creditors, were the only two expedients left to them, between which they must choose. Had they inclined to the former, they would have found no opposition, & they might have expected to preserve their wealth without any other inconvenience to their creditors, than that of a delay of payment. The two brothers, one of whom was fourscore years old, would have soon decided for themselves; but the son, a partner in the house, was, as the youngest the most deeply interested, he is called to the deliberation and the alternative is proposed to him—how could we hesitate, cries he? let honour be our guide and private interest sink before it; for my part, I scorn opulence, if purchased at the expence of honour, this very day, let our ships, houses and furniture, be put in the hands of our creditors; we shall always be rich enough, if we transmit unspotted to our children that name, which we have inherited from our forefathers.

Thus it is, that honour by the precautions it suggests, by the sacrifices it commands, knows how to prevent the infamy of those equivocal bankruptcies, which even, where they can ward off the animadversion of the laws, seldom

escape the censure of opinion. O! were such generous principles more generally diffused among trading nations; how soon would that profession rise to the first degree of consideration in the esteem of nations, and engross the principal share in the favour of wise governments.

From private, let us pass to public conditions. Is it not acknowledged amongst all civilized nations, under what form of government soever, that honour alone can secure to them honest magistrates, state ministers, in a word public men worthy that their country place in them an implicit confidence? Hence those honourary badges which have distinguished in all nations public characters from the rabble. Hence the honours of the patrician purple among the ancients, and of the parliamentary toga amongst the moderns, which have always been considered as the surest pledges of the zeal and fidelity of magistrates in defending the sacred interests of the nation. And indeed what could be capable of balancing in the soul of a magistrate all other interests united to overpower his virtue. Suppose for instance, he cannot persist in vindicating the rights of the weak, without exposing himself to the vengeance of the great, or even to the omnipotent wrath of an unfeeling despot. What will he do? what will enable him to rise superior to the very image of death? Honour, gentlemen, will then assist him in the struggle, and communicate even to old age the spirited constancy of heroic youth. Sir, answered one of those venerable men, from whom a monarch both powerful and absolute endeavoured to extort his co-operation in an act of unwarranted violence. "I have weighed in the scale, on one side your offers and your threats, on the other your honour and mine, and honour has been preponderant—therefore let your master expect nothing from me but an invincible resistance to his wishes." I will say more, how often has honour shared even with religion in the glory of its sons? witness the memorable answer of the holy man Eleazar, recorded in the sacred pages, that answer so dignified, that the reading or even the sole recollection of it, never fails to excite an enthusiastic admiration. "No! exclaimed he, it shall not be said, that the old Eleazar has brought shame on his hoary head by an infamous condescension.—Rather let him meet an honourable death and leave to posterity an example worthy of its imitation." But let us hasten to shew or at least to point out, what I hardly imagine, can be disputed by any one. I mean that it chiefly belongs to honour, to create generous defenders of the land. Who can deny that honour has at all times and amongst all nations, been the soul of legions and the fertile principle of all the valourous achievements, to which states have

owed their security, their aggrandizement, their conquests and their glory. Here quotations become useless and even impossible; since we should be obliged to recite all history, or at least that infinite number of glorious deeds, the uninterrupted series of which fills the annals of ancient chivalry. Those valiant knights, those heroes, who have been for so long a time the bulwark of nations and of thrones, knew no other maxims than those of the most refined honour.

I know that in an age of effeminacy and corruption, men have found it easier to ridicule, than to cherish sentiments, to which their degeneracy has made them strangers. But what soul animated with the love of true glory, can reflect upon the contrast of our times with those I allude to, without lamenting the extinction of that generous devotion of the ancient knights to the interests of their prince & of their country, of their unaffected, but warm sense of religion and of their respectful attention to the fair sex, the true palladium of public morals.

But without insisting on useless regrets, let us rejoice to see, that honour still alive in the breasts of the military, is not confined to one form of government exclusively, but animates the republican soldier who dies for his country, as well as the royalist officer who falls in the cause of his prince.

In vain to invalidate my argument, would the effects, I attribute to a sense of honour be ascribed to patriotism. I own that those two sentiments most commonly were confounded; and mutually strengthened by each other in the hearts of the Romans. But I contend that honour was the true stimulus of patriotism, often its substitute; and that even when these two sentiments acted in concert, they did not cease to preserve their distinctive characters. Undoubtedly it was from patriotism, that the glory of the Roman name was so sacred to the hearts of the Roman soldiers. But it must be granted that the very *jealousy* they displayed for the glory of their name, chiefly originated in honour. One single trait of their history, will suffice to demonstrate this assertion. I allude here, to the humiliation of the Roman legions, at their being reduced to pass under the yoke at the Furæ candidæ. I certainly acknowledge the influence of patriotism in the resolution of the consul and the resignation of his valiant legions. It is evidently the love of their country, which renders them more sensible of the interests of Rome, than of their own honour, in preferring a personal humiliation to the irretrievable ruin, which an imprudent obstinacy would have brought on the republic. But when I see these brave soldiers, casting their eyes towards the ground,

dread the looks of their fellow-citizens and relations, when I behold the whole city sunk in deep melancholy; ah! I can no longer refuse acknowledging the powerful influence of honour on those great souls.

Let us then exert ourselves, my friends, to foster in our hearts, with the love of virtue and devotion to our country, the glorious sentiments of honour so necessarily linked with the former. Let honour strengthen them, supply their deficiency and add to their generosity and delicacy. Let this noble passion which, has been that of all great men, glow in our breasts, let a noble emulation excite us to cultivate letters and fine arts, to expand the sphere of our knowledge, to unfold the precious buds of genius, to promote amongst us the refinement of taste and above all to cherish that union of all hearts in one interest, the true strength of a republican nation, may it be the safe-guard of all states, but may it shed its benevolent influence on this country in particular, hasten its progress, adorn it with great men of all kinds, valiant defenders, honest and enlightened magistrates, encourage military talents, sciences and fine arts. And if no exterior temples are consecrated to it, in imitation of the Romans, let the hearts of the Americans be as many altars on which every citizen may sacrifice to true honour.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Biographical sketch of MARIA THERESA of Austria.

Among the late sovereigns of Europe, the amiable MARIA THERESA of Austria, has attracted considerable interest; she was much distinguished by her benevolence & her lively attention to the distresses of the poor and the helpless. She became so exceedingly interested in the happiness of her people, that she would sometimes say, "I lament the time I am forced to give to sleep, as it is a robbery from my people." This princess was the mother of the beautiful and truly unfortunate Marie Antoinette; she was Empress of Germany, and Queen of Hungary, and had been educated with the utmost care, by the Emperor her father. She was early initiated into the mysteries of the elegant arts, to which she remained a liberal patroness amidst all the perils and vicissitudes of her reign, to the end of her life. Her piety has been thought to border on bigotry; but if we may judge of its effects, by the tranquillity, happiness and affection of her people, compared with the turbulence, discontent and detestation of her successors, we may suppose that too much religion is less mischievous in a sovereign, than too little. In the two long wars with her formidable foe, the king of Prus-

she supported the frequent reverses of her fortune with abilities, fortitude and dignity. And after a reign of forty years, in which she deservedly merited the title of parent of her people, she died universally regretted, and her name and reign are still remembered with the utmost reverence by her surviving subjects. A considerable part of her life, was employed in bestowing benefits on the indigent, particularly orphans of both sexes: and among the last words which she was able to utter, are recorded the following, to her son and successor, of which, history has not yet disputed the truth; "If I have done anything reprehensible during my reign, it has certainly been without my knowledge; for I have always had the public good in view. My heart has never been hardened against the unhappy; and this is the greatest comfort of my last moments." She had been made acquainted with the business of the cabinet, by her father at fourteen years of age, and attended his councils. The frequency of her petitions in favor of worthy objects, made the Emperor one day cry out, "You seem to think a sovereign has nothing to do but grant favours,"—to which seeming rebuke, she answered: "I see nothing else that can make a crown supportable; and these were not words lightly uttered without feeling. Innumerable instances of her benevolence and pity for the distressed, are recorded. Having perceived a sick soldier on duty, at one of the gates of her palace, she immediately ordered him to be relieved, and conducted in a carriage to the hospital. And being informed that this young man's disorder proceeded from indigence, and his separation from a mother, whom he was no longer able to support by the labours of his hands, she sent for the poor woman from Brinn in Moravia, which is 120 miles from Vienna, in order that she might be with her son. "I am delighted," says the empress, to her, on her arrival, "to restore to you a child who is so tenderly attached to you. I will give you a pension for your support, to indemnify you for the loss of that assistance which you used to receive from his labour; and I recommend to you both, always to continue to love and cherish each other. *These are my recreations.*" The good woman, transported to hear her sovereign speak to her with such condescending goodness, cried out, "though I have no other child than this, which you restore to me, and whom I love more than my life, I would this instant see him expire, if his death could be of any service to your majesty." The empress queen, without any other guard than the hearts of her subjects, was accessible to all, without distinction of rank. "I am only a beggarly peasant" said

a poor Bohemian labourer, "but I can speak to our good queen, whenever I please and she listens to me as if I were a lord.—The empress one day returning to her palace, perceived a woman and two children whom she could hardly drag along. Hunger had driven them from their miserable dwelling. "How have I offended providence, (says she) that I should be witness of such a sight?" And immediately gave orders that her own dinner should be carried to them; and had herself no other refecton than the tears she shed over the mother and her almost famished offspring. "They are my children (says she) and never again shall be driven to beggary." The partiality of her imperial majesty to the character as well as the genius of Metastasio who was one of the best poets and best of men may be readily discovered by the reader of the memoirs of the life of that amiable man, from which work this sketch is taken. In one of his letters to a friend, the poet calls this excellent princess, his august and ever adorable patroness, benefactress and mother, and when her life was endangered by disease, his equanimity and philosophy totally left him. Then yielding to the natural sensibility and tenderness of a heart, neither chilled by apathy, nor petrified by stoicism, he became a common man; not too stubborn for affliction, nor too proud and obdurate for the impressions of calamity.

VARIETY.

This is a very beautiful description of the Car of Flora; it is embellished with the rich glowing fancy that distinguishes Dr. Darwin's genius, while at the same time his imagination has not hurried him as it often does, beyond the bounds of correct imagery.

Slow roll the silver wheels with snow drops deck'd,
And primrose bands the cedar spokes connect;
Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,
And knots of Jas'mine clasp the bending springs;
Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,
And rings of violets join each silken reign;
Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,
And tulip tassels on each side depend.
—Slow rolls the car,—the enamour'd flowers exhale
Their treasured sweets, and whisper to the gale;
Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,
Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold.

The works of the charming Italian poet Metastasio have never met with an able translator, and as this beautiful language is but little cultivated amongst us, this is much to be regretted. If Lord Strangford who so delightfully rendered the sonnets of Camoens into English, would un-

dertake the same task for Metastasio, the lovers of poetry would indeed owe him high obligations. A friend has favoured us with the following address from this poet to his mistress, which abounds in tenderness and simplicity of expression.

FROM METASTASIO.

Forgive me, yet I know not whence
Unjustly thus my Chloris takes offence,
What have I said, my fair?
My hapless error now declare.
I said, I love thee, dearest maid,
Thou art my soul's delight, I said,
If this displease, ah! tell me why?
Is this a crime of deepest dye;
If love of thee be guilt, he then alone
Is innocent, who ne'er has Chloris known.
Oh! be appeas'd, resume each winning grace,
Thou know'st not how a frown deforms that lovely face.
Ah! trust not me,
But bending see
In yonder fountain—told I true
What there, alas! does Chloris view?
That clouded brow, that haughty air,
Have chang'd those features, late so fair:
But would'st thou make thy anger known,
A better vengeance is thine own.
If 'tis a fault to say, "I LIVE
TO LOVE BUT THEE, MY SOUL'S DELIGHT!"
Thou may'st with ease such wrong requite,
Retort th' offence on me, and I'll the offence forgive.
I'll patient hear my Chloris tell—
And dost thou smile?—enchancing spell!
That steals me from myself away.
Haste, Chloris, in the stream survey
What wonders now, thy looks display.
If thus a smile can love's soft power renew,
Ah! what, my fair, would gentle pity do?
I own that beauty when she smiles,
With magic envy care beguiles;
But beauty, when she heals the heart that bleeds,
Assumes a charm that every charm exceeds.
To yon clear fount again repair,
Again thy features trace;
But let compassion now, my fair,
Give every feature grace.
A thousand charms, unknown before,
Thy person shall adorn,
Nor those bright eyes shall ever more
Be arm'd with cruel scorn.

At the name of BURNS, the cheek of every Scotchman, ought to tingle with the blush of shame, to suffer such talents, such genius, such fire, as his, to be blasted by the chilling hand of poverty. After having drawn him from obscurity, they rewarded the merits of a poet, who would

have done honour to any age, to any nation, with the beggarly office of a gauger; with the miserable profits arising from a commission upon the sale of gin and whiskey!!! Magnificent patrons of genius!! Illustrious supporters of merit!! as long as the name of Burns shall live, and that will be while taste shall exist, and hearts shall be capable of feeling, the tear that the recollection of his fate must bring into every eye, will be chased by the glow of indignation that your execrable meanness cannot but excite. The following Letter to Mr. Hill presents a strong picture of the pecuniary sufferings of the bard.

" TO MR. PETER HILL.

11th January, 1791.

Take these two guineas, and place them over against that ***** account of yours! which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules; not all the Hebrews' three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an ***** task!! Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little—little aid to support his existence, from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant, unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill-starred ambition plants him at the table of the fashionable and polite, must see in suffering silence his remark neglected, and his person despised, while shall low greatness, in his idiot attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee: the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education, is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant and perishes by the justice of his country. But far other wise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. His ear

ly follies and extravagance, are spirit and fire; his consequent wants, are the embarrassment of an honest fellow; and when, to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a ***** and a lord.—Nay, worst of all, alas for helpless woman! the needy prostitute who has shivered at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is left neglected and insulted, ridden down by the chariot wheels of the coroneted RIF, hurrying on to the guilty assignation: she who without the same necessities to plead, riots nightly in the same guilty trade.

Well! divines may say of it what they please, but execution is to the mind, what phlebotomy is to the body: the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations."

We shall be much indebted to any of our correspondents, who will favour us with a translation of the following excellent lines, addressed to a lady a few days before her marriage.

*La Politique d'une Femme honnête et sensible, adressée à Madame ***** , quelques jours avant son mariage*

Quand vous aurez prononcé le serment
De rendre heureux l'époux qui vous aura choisie,
Semez de fleurs tous les jours de sa vie!

Aimez-en lui votre ami, votre amant;
Que dans vos fers paisiblement

Il repose. Soyez son ange tutélaire;
Veillez; loin de son cœur chassez les noirs chagrins;

Qu'il trouve auprès de vous plus purset plus Sereins
L'air qu'il respire et le jour qui l'éclaire.

C'est ainsi qu'en vos fers vous saurez l'arrêter.
Si malgré tant de soins il devient infidèle

En reproches amers gardez-vous d'éclater,
Mais offrez-lui des mœurs un si parfait modèle,

Qu'il soit forcé de l'imiter.
Et si votre exemple le touche,

S'il revient à vos pieds abjurer son erreur,
Qu'il trouve en arrivant l'amour sur votre bouche

Et le pardon dans votre cœur.

A certain nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, mostly people of rank, to dine with him; and great eloquence and hospitality were displayed on the occasion. Amongst the company, there happened to be a Reverend Divine, of worthy character and great learning, but alas! he was only a Curate at 30l. per annum! He happened, amidst all the profusion of a well spread table, to be in want of one of the first necessities of life, and not chusing to call aloud (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbours) he inclined a little back in his chair, and in a half whisper addressed a footman

in a laced livery, "I wish I had a little bread." "I wish you had, Sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and hustled about from one great Lord to another, without vouchsafing any further notice. The poor Curate, being a man of extreme modesty, made no more applications.

A gentleman of some humour, who sat next the Clergyman, and had observed the transaction, either through compassion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public.—The master of the house, roused with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and after a severe reprimand for his insolent behaviour, told him to go immediately and seek *his own bread* elsewhere. Then turning to the abashed curate, he said, "Sir, I am ashamed of what has passed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it shall be my endeavour to provide you *better bread*."—He kept his word, and in a very short time presented the Clergyman with a comfortable living.

Errata in No. 43.

For "ditectissimo" read delectissimo in p. 338. 2d col. In do. for "omene" read omen. In p. 341, col. 1, in the quotation from Lucretius, 1st. line for "es" read est. In 2d line "sapintum," read sapientum. In the 3d line for "passim que" read passimque. In the 4th line for "palantes" read palanteis. In the same p. 2d col. for "Nani" read Nam: for "temporem" read temporum.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the established principles of the Companion, has been to avoid every thing like controversy of any nature whatever—from this determined rule, we will not recede, even when we are ourselves attacked. The object we have most ardently in view, is the encouragement of every thing that can tend to the cultivation of letters, of taste and the fine arts in our country, and whatever we deem inimical to this proposed end, we shall unhesitatingly exercise our *right* to reject however much it may expose us to the virulent abuse of the whole race of *ancient critics regenerated*—or all whom *ignorance*, prejudice or *ENVY* can prompt to oppose us.

We are happy to find that FREDERICK and JULIUS have resumed the pen; we hope so long a time will not again elapse without our hearing from them.

We welcome MARIA amongst the number of our correspondents; her address to Friendship is charming.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE SYLPH OF THE COMPANION.

Benignant Sylph, Oh ! let thy care
Awhile to Mary's couch be given ;
Thoult find the choicest harbour there,
And on her breast the sweetest heaven.

Go, whisper fondest things of love,
In strains as sweet as Seraphs sing—
Bid Zephyr hasten from his grove,
And o'er her, wave his cooling wing.

And should she wake and kindly ask,
What unseen form inhabits near ;
O ! then remove thy fairy mask,
And let thy tiny self appear.—

And tell her, 'twas the fond request,
Of one, who'd think it bliss to die ;
If but permitted on that breast,
To breathe his last his farewell sigh !

And if, perchance, a sigh should steal,
One kindly sigh to bless my name—
O ! where's the heart that would not feel
A world of bliss to own the same.

Oh ! snatch it, e'er the envious wing,
Of Zephyr bear its sweets from me—
Then here the balmy æther bring,
And, next to her, I'll doat on thee.

I'll say thou art the dearest sprite,
That ever danc'd by streamlet's side ;
That thou hast brought me more delight,
More bliss, than all my dreams beside.

FREDERICK.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Thy aid, Oh ! friendship, all confess,
The ills of life allay ;
The sorrows that my bosom press,
Thy smiles can chase away.

When doubts distract my restless mind,
Naught but thy voice can calm ;
In thy soft sympathy, I find
A sweet, a soothing balm.

Should love and joy elate my heart,
Thy breast with pleasure glows,
That bosom pure, devoid of art,
No envious passion knows.

Kind heaven has sent thee bright and fair,
To cheer life's gloomy way ;
Thy smiles disperse all grief and care,
So sweet thy magic sway.

May none pollute thy sacred shrine,
With off'rings insincere ;

Or e'er usurp thy form divine,
A treach'rous mask to wear.

Yet crafty love, thy form assumes,
And pleads in friendship's name ;
Then wily on a smile presumes
T' inspire the glowing flame.

And oft revenge thy semblance wears,
To mark th' unguarded hour ;
Then quick, th' unconscious bosom tears,
Exulting in his power.

Thus ev'ry good kind heav'n bestows,
Some fiend malignant eyes,
Aside its hateful form it throws,
And walks in virtue's guise.

But since, oh ! friendship, by thy smile,
Our woes are lighter made,
Oh ! still with tender care beguile,
And ne'er withdraw thy aid !

Thy presence gladdens ev'ry hour,
Which thou dost deign to bless,
And those who never felt thy pow'r
Have ne'er known happiness.

MARIA.

LINES

Occasioned by the author's picking up an autumnal leaf,

Emblem of human life, this leaf,
In saddest truth displays
How ruthless time, that gen'ral thief,
Steals all our joys, and taints the brief
Duration of our days.

Fair was the vernal bud, and fair
Its early promises ;
And summer saw it high in air
Nurs'd by the dews which floated there,
And quivering in the breeze.

But fading autumn's yellow hand,
With insect-ravage join'd,
Blights all its verdant beauties, and
Flings it along the russet land,
A snowy grave to find.

Thus man, when infancy is past,
Bursts forth with promise fair ;
But ah ! youth's summer will not last,
And with life's autumn comes, to blast
The canker worm of care.

Then wintry age, with locks of snow
Closes the mournful tale ;
Gay hopes and pleasures yield to woe,
And godlike man is laid full low,
Like leaves which strew the vale.

JULIUS.